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## Ghost Girl



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### Chapter 1 by Story Wars

On my 17th birthday my mom took me to get my ears periced. They told me one thing.

The first time the needle goes through your ear you feel it, like a pinch.

the secound time hurts the worse.

and the third time you don't feel it at all.

I asked, "Why is that?"

The man than told me the caveman effect.

Think of it as your body being the caveman and the needle being the bear. The first time the bear attacks it throws you off guard and it hurts. The secound time the bear attacks you were expecting it and was ready to put up a fight. But the third time the bear attacks, your body gives up and says "Fuck this."

That was the caveman effect.

So when Micheal Burke stabbed me I felt it. The first time it hurt, the secound time it hurt the worse, but the third time I didn't feel that all.

And so I died. On the bathroom floor I died, without a breath or hope. I became a dead girl, a ghost girl.

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## Chapter 2 by Vega Venice



I had dated Micheal for around 6 weeks. It wasn't awful, just wasn't fun either. He was so demanding over my body. he demanded we have sex. he demanded I take my clothes off. But I thought I loved him so I didn't fight him. It was one night, the 42nd night to be exact, that I walked into Micheal's room. He grabbed my hands and took me upstairs. I was crying at that point. I sobbed into his neck needing to tell him something.

"What's wrong?" He asked stroking the inner of my thigh

"I'm pregagnaut." I said. He didn't say anything but just look at me. It was silent for around 5 minutes before he spoke

"You have to get rid of it."

"What?"

"You have to get rid of it or I will." Thats all he said before his hand connected with my cheek. I fell over. I stood up and ran to the bathroom crying. I could feel him running behind me appologizing. I slammed the bathroom door shut and fell against the floor. It was silent for over an hour as I just layed tehre and cried gripping his cheek. I tore off my blouse and my pants and climbed in his bathtub. I could hear the doorknob shake with him as he unlocked the door with the spare key. I did my best to hide but knew he could easily find me. He did. He climbed in the bathtub and straddled me. He tore off my underwear and he did it. He did it while i begged him not to. and when he was done he stabbed me three times in the chest. And as i faded away in my missery I saw the fear in his eyes knowing what he had just done. Fuck you micheal, fuck you

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